

# A Yarn Without a Moral.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

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It was in the early days of lake traffic, when vessels were small, discipline lax, and when each fore-castle might contain one or more part owners. Dunkirk Sam, Bill Tubbs and Starboard Jack, composing the crew of the little schooner Alma, hold no such dual relations with their captain; they drew wages, not profits. But, as their captain was old Long Tom Tucker of their own town, whom they loved and "sassed," and advised, and obeyed as they pleased, their treatment of him was in no way calculated to impress strangers with any other belief than that they owned the whole vessel—and Captain Tom, too.

At Kingston, after discharging cargo, they had put on their shore clothes and selfishly gone to the theater, leaving Captain Tom to keep ship, or go ashore with himself, or the cook, as he liked. The mate, newly shipped, lived in Kingston, and early in the evening had fled to the bosom of his family. The captain sulked for a while under the slight put upon him by his "boys," went ashore alone, met his agent, then hunted up his mate and sent him aboard, for the agent had secured him a load from Port Hope to Oswego. Then he hid himself to the one theater of the town, bought a ticket, went in and vainly coaxed the three unrepentant to heed the call of duty. Useless endeavor. They were kind to him—asked him to sit with them, but would not budge until the performance ended. Captain Tom coaxed, ordered, fumed and finally swore; then was collared by a scandalized policeman and cast forth into outer darkness, followed by the heartless threat of the three to tell his wife and the minister when they got home, for Captain Tucker was a sturdy pillar of the church.

Filled to the brim with "aggravation," he returned to the wharf where his vessel lay

unequal to the task of distinguishing between daylight and the flicker of a lighted match shining through the cracks in the fore-castle floor. He it may be that he understood and merely expressed approval of the light shed on his darkness. He gave vent to a hearty, long-drawn groan, which, reaching the ears of Captain Tom on the weather bow, muffled and indistinct, seemed to him to come from the lee side, where there should be nothing but open water.

"Great snakes, where are we," he shouted; "hear that, Dunkirk? Did you hear it? Light up the jib sheets. Hard-ahoe. There's land over there."

Around went the little vessel. Starboard Jack heard with dismay the sounds beneath and above and started up to forestall any further mischief by an honest confession, but the sight of Dunkirk Sam's round face, shaking with silent, unholly glee as he peered down the hatch during the transit from jib sheet to jib sheet, sent him back. Dunkirk Sam returned to the head, while Captain Tom roared the horn from the weather bow, now, of course, the other side. When a lonely rooster began to crow it is hard to guess when he will stop. The schooner had been skimming along straight for the shore for five minutes and Dunkirk Sam had just called out "mark twenty, hard bottom," when Captain Tom distinctly heard another rooster—not the first; they were leaving that stern. This one was on the lee bow as before, but in another direction.

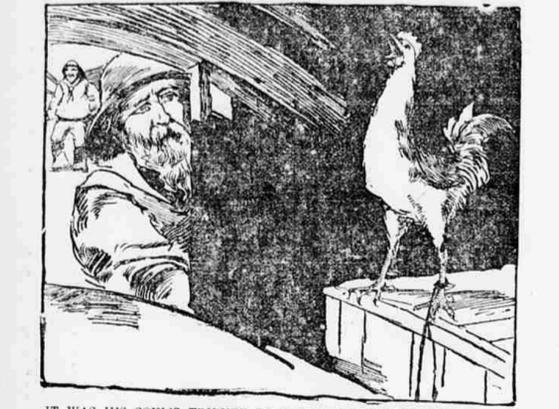
"Oh, my good Lord," he groaned, "where in Sam Hill are we? Barnyards all 'round; we're yell'd; hard up. Hard up, Bill," he yelled; "hard up. Slack off the main sheet an' get her fore the wind."

He ran aft to look at the compass and call the mate if necessary, waving his long arms and shouting. Dunkirk Sam jolted the lead inboard and sped to the fore-castle hatch.

"Starboard," he called in a hoarse whisper, "you awake?"

"What?"

"Ring his neck; the old man's goin'!"



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and helped the mate loose the canvas, vowing to pay off the three "sozers" at the first American port.

The three left the theater at 11 o'clock. Had they seen their way to the vessel, satisfied their hunger before putting themselves under Captain Tom's domination—not that they anticipated increased peril from the weakness attending empty stomachs, but they knew that the cook, as indifferent to nautical etiquette as themselves, had turned in for the night, and there would be no night lunch prepared—and it was a long time until breakfast.

Discussing the matter made them hungrier. Starboard Jack suggested the advisability of turning back and hunting for an eating house, "for," he said, "the skipper won't turn back, but he'll get his own nibble from the galley." They agreed to this, and Captain Tom's prospective selfishness condemned their own mutinous behavior, leaving the balance of injury to them. They became outrageously hungry and baited when a rooster, aroused by their voices, arose to full stature, clattered at them and settled down again. Fatal mistake.

Starboard Jack testified later that visions of a chicken pot pie, partaken of at home, entered his brain and the savory odor seemed to be in his nostrils. Bill Tubbs admits that his wayward thoughts secretly reviewed an oft-remembered early destination, in which he had disgracefully attended a cock fight. Dunkirk Sam never committed himself, but it is on record that Dunkirk Sam was the first to remark, "Mighty fine rooster, Shanghai, too," he said.

"Nice and fat," remarked Bill Tubbs, turning square the other way, thus putting temptation behind him.

Why discuss the devious course of criminal thoughts through the doings and fears of noncriminal brains? Ten tarry digits closed around the neck of the drowsy bird, stifling the indignation outcry; five water removed to the straggling claws, threatening to ruin Starboard Jack's new "go-ashore" coat, and three guilty marauders fled through the darkness.

It was blind, illogical crime for crime's sake alone. Their hunger may have suggested the abduction; the abduction could in no way satisfy their hunger. But this did not occur to them. Gully fear possessed their souls, excluding other thoughts, even of their empty stomachs.

With the rooster snugly imprisoned under Starboard Jack's arm, they tumbled over the Alma's rail and down the fore-castle stairs, unleashing the trade of reproach launched at them by Captain Tom. Here a hurried confab resulted in the raising of the trap-door and the utterance of a single, long, nearly choked howl into the inky darkness of the fore-peak. One protesting squeak arose from the depths. Then they changed their clothes, went up and made sail, meekly taking the scolding they had earned, but Captain Tom's wrath finally gave way to astonishment at their subsistence as they descended, for they had given him not one word of "back talk."

How could they?

Captain Tom Tucker was a Lake Erie navigator and had brought his little schooner down to glean some of the lucrative barley trade of the lower lake. Knowing nothing of Lake Ontario, he had secured a mate who did, and this was enough for summer sailing at least. He had no use for charts—would not have one aboard—or any other sailing methods. He believed in carrying courses and distances in his head, where he could get at them when needed.

An hour after the mate had given the course up the north shore, he had fog shut down, moist and thick, blotting out the patch of blacker darkness that loomed up at land to the westward and making the voice of Dunkirk Sam, heard the lead at the request of the anxious captain, sound hoarse and resonant, as he called out, "No bottom."

Captain Tucker wished, not for a chart, but that he knew that shore better, and, not caring to call the mate, took his stand at the weather bow, trusting the fathom and straining sight and hearing into the wet blanket ahead. The wind was off the land at an angle which just allowed Bill Tubbs at the wheel to lay his course.

In his bunk in the fore-castle was Starboard Jack, making the best he could of his watch below, and beneath him, it is remembered, was the confuted rooster. Either his conscience, or his empty stomach, or the foghorn above kept Starboard Jack awake, and he rolled out to help the usual sailor's relief from insomnia—he lighted his pipe.

It was not daylight, nor time for it and the occupant of the fore-peak had no legitimate right or reason to think so, but he was, no doubt, rather upset by the night's adventure and his powers of discernment

defeat. He near boached her."

Dunkirk Sam's sense of humor had left him when he had reached the bottom of the fore-peak. Captain Tom staid his vessel due southeast and had partially recovered his wits, when from straight ahead he heard another rooster. The misadvised fowl in the fore-peak had proclaimed his third defiance just as Starboard Jack raised the trap door to descend upon him. Loud and clear came the clarion note to the ears of the perplexed skipper, to whom it seemed not three lengths ahead.

"Hard down," he snarled to the grinning Bill; "hard down, man; down with that wheel; we're goin' ashore; what you laughin' at? Down with it." He seized the spokes and ground the wheel over.

"Bring her up and shake her," he shouted back as he raced forward with great leaps. "Get that anchor over. Dunkirk, call Starboard."

Starboard Jack was forced to come up and the rooster enjoyed a reprieve. Hurdled under the supervision of the frantic skipper, they tried the big anchor off the bow, lowered and let it go as the schooner shot up into the wind, shaking her sails. Bill Tubbs now lay himself on the deck near the wheel and rolled in convulsive laughter, but the two worthies forward ruefully watched the skipper insanely pay out chain until, with thirty fathoms out, the anchor caught. They anticipated the heaving in.

Ordering the foresail and jibs lowered in a tone which admitted of no protest, he stalked around the deck. The rooster, possibly frightened by the deafening din of the chain going out, remained silent, and the guilty one hoped for a chance to silence his voice forever. Captain Tom was in no humor to take a joke. For Captain Tom stayed forward, blowing the horn at intervals, and looking anxious.

Daylight, and with it a change of wind which detached masses of smoky shapes, showing the north shore fully two miles away and not a farm, barnyard or rooster within range of the sound of the captain's vision. His face was a study.

With open mouth, puckered forehead and bulging eyes, his gaze wandered from the shore to the water, side to his innocent-looking crew, to his own long figure, which he scanned from his feet up as though doubting his own existence, and back to the shore.

The mate and the cook were called, and all hands manned the windlass, the captain holding slack and earnestly explaining to the mate the ghastly interference of the night.

"What you grinnin' at, you three?" he suddenly demanded.

As he spoke, the rooster, encouraged by the light from the morning light in his prison, crowed again. It was a grating, enthusiastic crow, long and weird. In it he expressed his appreciation of the kindly and defiance to his enemies, his hunger, his thirst, his memory of the happy barnyard home he desired to get back. It was his soul's tribute to liberty and happiness, but it was his death knell.

It was followed by an uproarious burst of laughter, and Captain Tom, with a reproachful glance at them, repeated, "What you grinnin' at, you three?" he suddenly demanded.

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grins were exchanged, then three spoons reached toward the platter and the captain's dinner was removed. It was shameful.

**A BLIND MAN'S FEAT.**

Walked from New York to Chicago and Back Without Accident.

Anon Provost of New Brunswick, N. J., who is totally blind, has just completed a wonderful trip to Chicago and return, alone and unaided, says the New York Journal. He is 35 years of age, and is known and esteemed by many, and his familiar face has been missed for over a year.

Provost has been blind since he was 9 months old, the result of attacks of diphtheria and scarlet fever, which left him sightless. His mother, Mrs. Sarah E. Provost, became his tutor and gave him a fair education until he reached the age of 12, when she sent him to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia.

He spent two years of his life, and among other things gained an excellent knowledge of geography, and also learned his trade of chair cleaning.

He developed a roving disposition, and became especially fond of walking. He made his way about town with the aid of a cane, and succeeded better than one would imagine. Confident of his ability to travel, he determined last year to take a trip to Chicago, to see, as he says, what he could accomplish.

He went over the entire route on foot, going through many towns and cities, the following being the most important: New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago. At the last named place the J. Curly upholstery establishment employed him as a chair cleaner and mattress maker on the day he arrived. At this place he became quite friendly with James G. McIntyre, and they have particularly arranged to meet again next year and take a long trip in company.

After leaving East New Concord Provost

proceeded to Wheeling, W. Va.; from thence he traveled to Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Lebanon, Reading, Philadelphia, Trenton and New Brunswick, arriving here Saturday night.

During the entire trip he used the cars for but a comparatively few miles. He left home with enough money to pay for his meals and other wants. He carried with him a parcel of clothing, and this, with his cane, made up his entire outfit. His journey was entirely devoid of accidents. He says he was courteously treated by all he met, and his knowledge of geography, aided by his tongue, carried him through his journey safely. Although his route often lay parallel to them, he avoided railroads as much as possible.

His main entertainment was the stories of "globe trotters" whom he met. He has papers to show proving that he took the trip he says he did.

**Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.**

This is the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. Try it, and like many others you will recommend it to your friends. Put up in 25 and 50 cent bottles by all druggists.

**LONG DRAWN OUT.**

**A Twenty-Six-Foot Snake with an Appetite for Ducks.**

A gentleman residing in Maryland near Hyattsville has been reading snake stories. The other day he came to town and announced that stories were true, but that Maryland was the possessor of the biggest snake story of the country. The statement, he said, was easily proved, and then he spoke to the Washington Star man as follows:

"Last Saturday as I was walking up the Little River from Riverdale, looking for raspberries, I noticed at a point about half a mile north of Collins' Station a flock of ducks making a terrible racket in the stream. I looked carefully and noticed something that at first appeared like a small stump protruding in the water. In a trumper in a minute, however, resolved itself into a big snake, and in a second opened its

mouth and seized one of the ducks. In starting off with the duck the body of the snake came to the surface. I have come in contact with a great many snakes in my life, but never before saw one like this. As near as I could judge it was about twenty-six or twenty-seven feet long. It was striped in bands about two inches in width, running lengthwise of the body, the stripes being from a bright gold bronze to a light orange color, while just back of the eyes were two large diamond spots of a vermilion red color. As the snake left the water it passed up the east bank, which was about six feet high. It glided over the ground as fast as a man could run. I had no desire to follow it just then, but shortly after I crossed the river and took its track which was very easy to follow, as where the ground was bare it looked as if a log had been dragged along. I followed the track about three-quarters of a mile to a bluff, and there I found his den. In walking by you would from seeing the hole at once say it was a fox's den, but I tell you right here in that hole there is the biggest snake in this part of the country."

**IMPORTANT IF TRUE.**

**An Iowa Man's Plan of Making Rancid Butter.**

A Burlington, Ia., paper of recent date contains an interview with Dr. Jean Coumeit, in which the latter talks about the discovery he claims to have made of a process by which rancid butter can be made fresh. The doctor worked in this matter in collaboration with E. A. Gutter. He said: "Every one knows that butter is composed of a mixture of fat, oleine, margarine, stearine, palmitine, butyrene and the fatty acids known as capric, caproic, butyric, in variable proportions, which give the color, odor and taste to butter.

"The cause of the rancidity of butter is the action of the oxygen of the air, which sets free the fatty acids at liberty. I need not go into this peculiar chemical change. Since the discoveries of Pasteur on the subject of fermentation everybody knows that it is microbes which fix the oxygen of the air on the alcohol and casein matters that it is who had taken them to arouse his sluggish liver.

and fatty acids, which, set at liberty, cause the rancidity of the butter.

"Mr. Gutter and I set ourselves the task of finding a means to neutralize the butyric, palmitic and fatty acids which cause the rancidity, and our efforts have met with a complete success. After having melted the butter and having neutralized it with an appropriate base, it is submitted to several washings by which it presently becomes as sweet and clean as when it first left the dairy.

"You would ask me: 'Does it lose any of its original properties by this operation?' answer, No. On the contrary, by our process we can tell immediately whether a butter is natural or artificial. And the loss incurred is so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible."

Mr. W. H. Smith, editor of The Argus, Benton, Pa., recommends a remedy for diarrhoea which he has used with magical effect. "Several weeks ago," he says, "I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after using less than one-third of the contents the results were magical—effecting an entire cure. I readily and cheerfully recommend the remedy to all suffering from diarrhoea." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

**The Horse Hair Fend.**

A maiden could not be found who would wear a switch of horse hair, writes a Paris correspondent, and yet the hair of most fetching style are worn and interwoven with the coarse hair of the head of burden. Horse hair has been used in plaited strands to give airy bowed effects among flowers and feathers, and also up chemise hats. The hair has grown little now the young women send a bunch of their favorite mount's hair and it is returned woven in shapely style, with suitable trimmings. The odd shales of horses' hair work up beautifully. The roan or gray gives good effect if woven, gloves and all are ensemble.

"Wake up, Jacob, day is breaking!" so said LeWH's Little Early Riser to the man who had taken them to arouse his sluggish liver.

**Marvelous Results.**

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were most marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Hives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia, succeeding a grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in its results." Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.



**M**OST people hardly realize that headaches and dyspepsia, and forty other miseries or more, all come from one cause, and that taking a separate remedy for each symptom is like picking the leaves off an obnoxious tree instead of striking at the root. Headache, or sluggishness, or disordered stomach, or constipation, or offensive breath—show that either the stomach or bowels, or the liver, are not doing their natural work, and Ripans Tabules go to the root of all these difficulties and many others, at once, by immediately correcting the stomach and gently stimulating the liver and bowels to healthy action.

These Tabules are the accurate prescription of a regular physician; they are a perfectly harmless, simple remedy, as mild, yet certain, as nature itself. To people of sedentary ways, professional and business men; and particularly to women, these Tabules insure a regular habit, comfortable digestion, and a clear head; preventing many a serious illness with its long train of suffering and expense.

**Lay the axe to the root of the tree.**

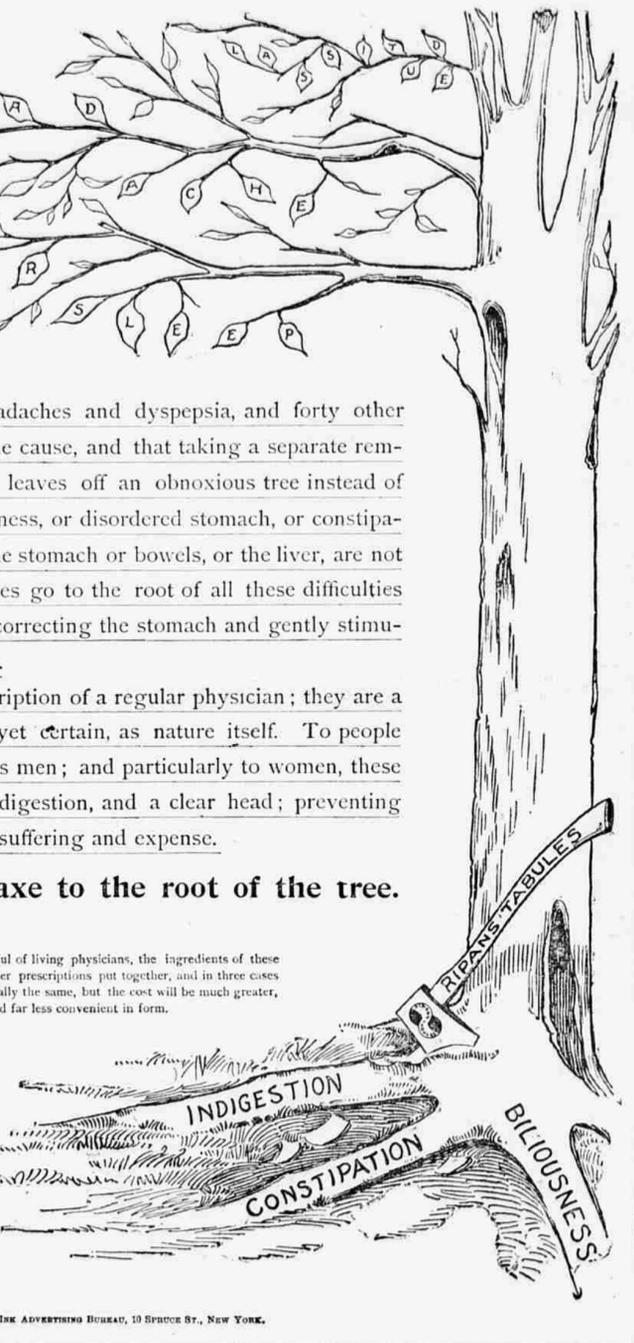
In the largest hospitals in the world, presided over by the most skillful of living physicians, the ingredients of these tabules are prescribed daily more than twice as often as any and all other prescriptions put together, and in three cases out of four where a physician is called, his prescription will be substantially the same, but the cost will be much greater, and the compound prepared by the local druggist is likely to be inferior and far less convenient in form.

As the two most important processes of life (assimilation of food and elimination of waste) depend almost entirely upon the stomach, liver and bowels; their healthy action, as maintained by these tabules, dispels a long list of ailments, including headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rash of blood to the head, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sluggishness, poor sleep, loss of appetite, depression, heartburn, nausea, bad taste in the mouth, pain in the stomach or abdomen, female complaints, catarrh, jaundice, sallow skin and skin eruptions.

A box of Ripans Tabules (price 50 cents) contains six small vial-socket vials, each vial holds six tabules (36 in all) and each tabule is an exact dose. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by

**THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,**  
10 Spruce Street, New York.

ADVERTISEMENT DESIGNED AND INSERTED FOR THE PAINTER'S INK ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.



**FISH BY THE BILLION.**

**Magnitude of the Work of the National Fish Commission.**

Very few people have any idea of the magnitude of the work of the National Fish Commission. It has planted this year in the waters of the United States 1,297,664,000 fish, which, without taking into consideration the natural increase, is sufficient to furnish seventeen fish for every man, woman and child in our beloved country. This is an increase from 84,335,999 during the previous season. The largest number of any one variety was white fish in the lakes, 234,609,999 against 171,000,000 for last year; 179,000,000 shad, as against 114,000,000 in 1888; 135,000,000 codfish, which was about the same number as the year before. There was an enormous increase in lobsters, for Brice has planted 200,000,000, as against \$1,000,000 that year. Commandant Brice thinks that 94 per cent of the fish that are planted by the commission survive, and he can surely count upon 80 per cent.

The commission's work has just received a letter from a friend who congratulates him upon his appointment, and says: "Now, if you can succeed in producing a breed of shad with a reduced number of bones without impairing its diameter and structural strength, and will also include the Spanish mackerel to abandon Cuban waters you will merit the thanks of the great American public as a benefactor and patriot."